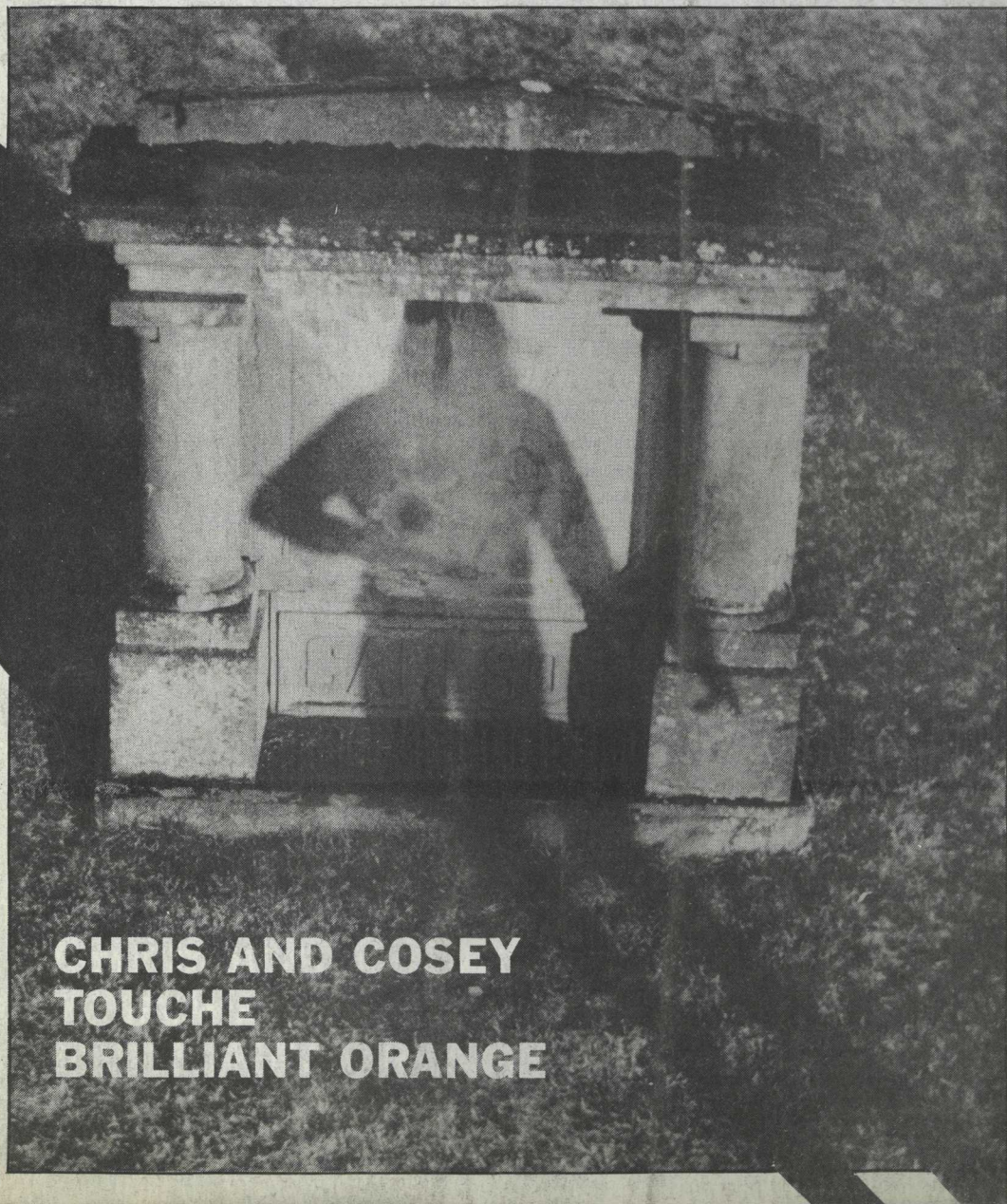


DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100

OCTOBER 1985 • FREE

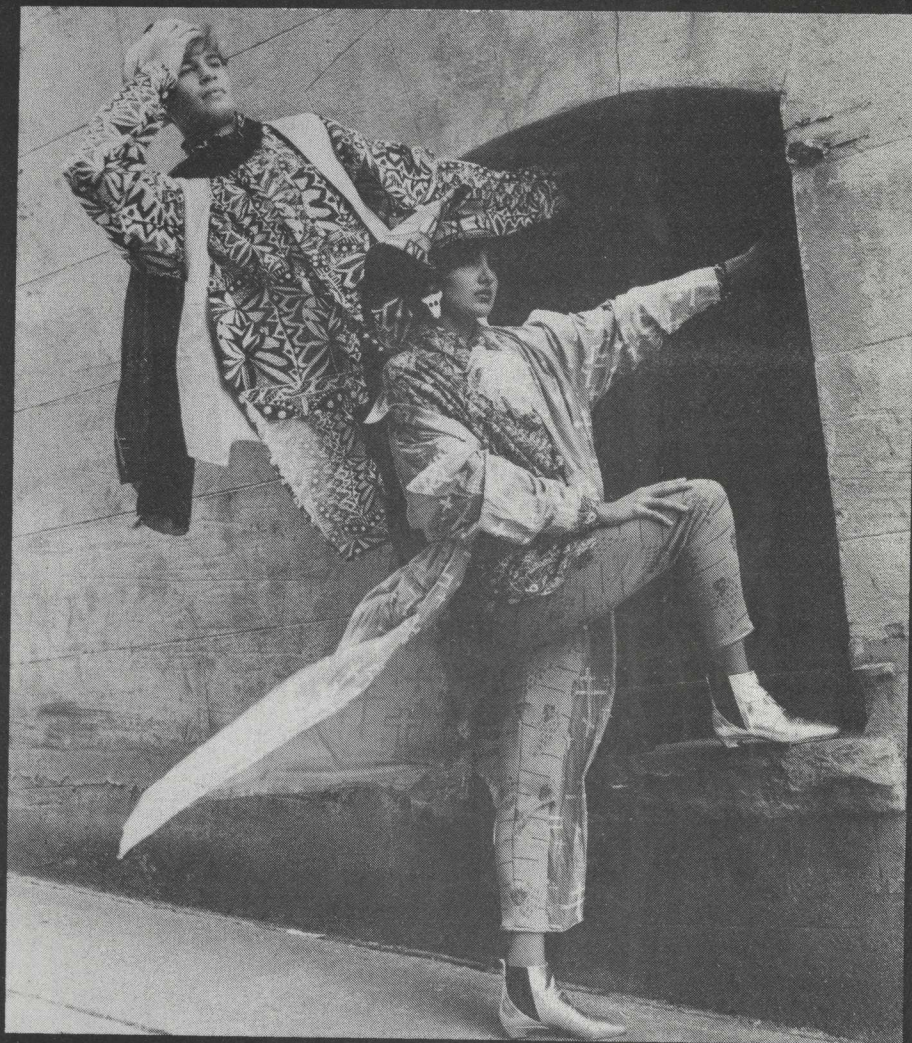


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Nancy Smith. The Music Request line is 228-CITR.

DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100

OCTOBER 1985 • VOL. 3 NO. 9



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Wheatfield Soul

Dear Airhead:

Received your renewal notice about two weeks ago. I took it for granted that I was the only subscriber "on the prairies" (hate that terminology, by the way—just as easy to say "Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba"). It seems that the mountains and/or the wide-open spaces present an isolation theorem here. Anyway, very first subscriber to *Discorder*...very proud of that actually, hope there are a fair number in Vancouver suburbs, and Washington state.

I have also subbed to the *Georgia Straight* since before Bobby Geldof was music critic, and have supported CFRO for years, have subscribed to *NME* since 1969, and *Now* from Toronto, which makes the *Straight*, at times, appear a comic. Yes, this is no sap you're dealing with in Regina, and at 34 could probably double-whammy you a few times—but won't.

In closing, enclosed is enough for 12 more *Discorders*, and a new CITR T-shirt in medium—send a radical color.

Regards,
The Lone Subscriber,
Saskatchewan
Terry J. Gibson

J'accuse (1)

Dear Airhead,

Turpin and Rennie's interview with Mutabaruka in the August 1985 *Discorder* quite possibly had some important things to say about the current state of affairs in South Africa, but I for one was so outraged by the presentation that the message was lost on me. Your choice to print the artist's com-



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ments in eye-dialect offended my deepest sensibilities.

Let's face it. Nobody speaks Standard English, and even Standard English is not written the way it sounds. I cannot speculate why it was decided to use eye-dialect for the artist and not for the interviewers, but the effect is a comment on the relative literacy of the parties. It is implied that Mutabaruka speaks some quaint but imperfect sort of English.

Whether this expression of racism was intentional or not is not the point. I hope not to see any more of this sort of material in your otherwise fine publication.

Sincerely,
Ann Pollak

J'accuse (2)

Dear Airhead:

This is further to my letter of late

August regarding the Mutabaruka interview in the July issue of *Discorder*. Since writing that letter, I have been informed that my comments were "out of line," since the poet's speech was written in eye-dialect for the honourable intention of paying homage to the patios of Mutabaruka's speech and poetry. It only follows, then, that since the interviewers felt competent to transcribe the poet's speech thusly, greater honour would be given had they also attempted to mimic the Patois in their own speech and transcribe it accordingly. I hope that should *Discorder* ever again have the opportunity to pay such tribute to this accomplished dub poet, the moment will not be allowed to slip by.

With new understanding,
Ann Pollak



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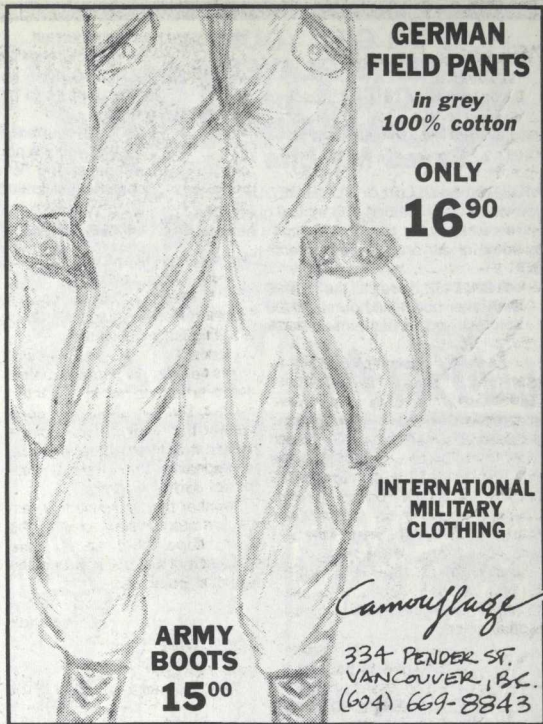
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HOW TO GET YOUR REQUESTS PLAYED ON CITR — or Last Night A DJ Saved My Life

MOST DJ'S WILL PLAY YOUR REQUESTS IF you follow certain moral and ethical guidelines. Here's a handy list of do's and don't's provided by some of our crack tunespinners.

DO:

- call 228-2487; if you call our business number, even after business hours, the DJ will probably ask you to pay him or her for your re-

quest, after all, *it is a business number.*

- try to remember the name of the song. Most DJ's have never been contestants on 'Name That Tune', and humming a few bars rarely helps.

- try to be courteous. There are ways to tell a DJ that you are not enjoying his or her show without saying "What is this shit, man?"; and constructive criticism is often appreciated. Mind you, sucking up to the DJ is almost a surefire method for getting your request played. Now, you wouldn't lie to us, would you?

DON'T:

- ask for any of the following overrequested, overplayed songs: "Holiday in Cambodia", "Too Drunk to Fuck", "Bela Lugosi's Dead",

"Fuck You", "Love Will Tear Us Apart", "Institutionalized". There are others but I think you will be able to guess what they are when the DJ gives a strangled moan instead of the ubiquitous "I'll see what I can do."

- ask when the DJ's going to play your request. Home taping really is awful, and besides, isn't it enough that we play the song?

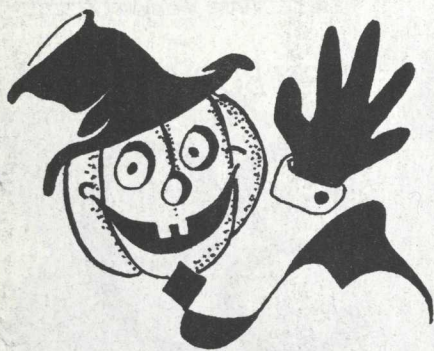
- have all of the people at your party call us to request the same song. Telephones can pick up every noise in the room when they want to, and ours are trained to recognize the tell-tale signs of "partius requestis".

Finally, remember that CITR is worth diddly-squat without your input. We rely on you, the listeners, to provide us with guidelines to operate

WOMBAT!



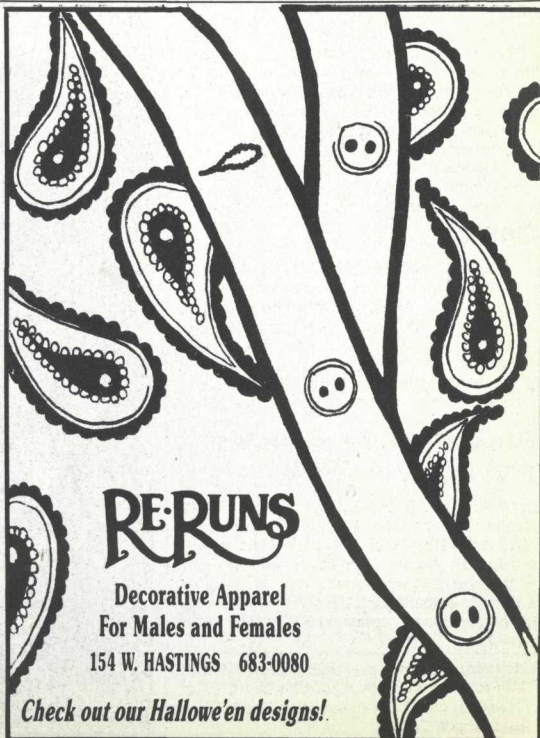
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- under. If you don't call to chastise or congratulate us, the DJ's, will assume one of three things:
- a) there is not a single person listening;
 - b) there are many people listening, but our great choice of music has glued your ears to the speakers, rendering you incapable of rational thought, let alone dialing our number.
 - c) you are all completely apathetic and wouldn't care one fig if we played Montovani albums 24 hours-a-day.

So you see, we do care how our listeners feel about our regular programming. If you do too, then tell us how you feel. Make a request and/or join CITR and use your talents to help us improve.

Wombat

THE LIMITED EDITION WOMBAT MEMBERSHIP packages are going fast. We've already turned down a bulk membership application from the staff of Vogue. George Bush wants one. So does Bishop Desmond Tutu. We can't say no much longer.

Wombat packages are available only with a 1985/86 CITR Membership Package. Not available in stores. The cost? A measly \$25 for which you receive a one-year membership in CITR, a Wombat T-shirt, a Wombat button and a Wombat bumper sticker.

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Concerts

REAL PITY ABOUT THE CANCELLATION OF the Black Uhuru show last month. And now, to add insult to injury, the band has been dropped from Island records. CITR wishes to deny responsibility for both these events.

On to the future: This month CITR will be bringing you The Blasters, October 2nd at the Commodore. The last Blasters show was an absolute sweat box, sparks flew, legs crumpled and several people saw God. Don't miss them this time. CITR also brings you Chris And Cosey October 9th at the Luv-A-Fair. They will be appearing at the conclusion of a five-date Canadian tour. For more information, check out page 11 of this issue. On November 16th at the Commodore, CITR presents an evening of Heavy Caribbean Rhythms featuring four of Vancouver's best reggae bands: Peter Sandy and the Originals, Fire Temple, Soul Survivors, Mango Dub.

News

IF YOU FALL ASLEEP AT NIGHT WITH VISIONS of whimpering Sacred cabinet ministers dancing in your head, you may find a healthy outlet in the CITR news department. The news department is looking for reporters, newsreaders, newswriters and anyone willing to devote their lives to bringing them back alive. Full training is provided. For more information call Doug Richards at 228-3017.

Blow Out The Candles and Make A Wish

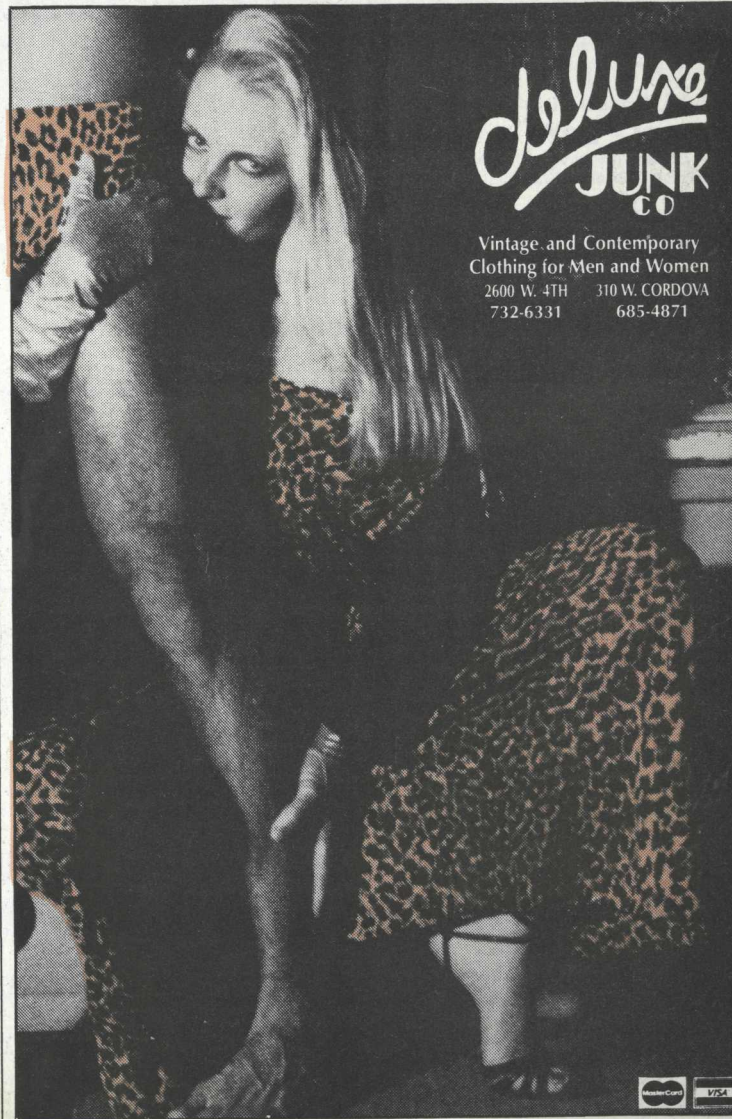
IN OTHER RADIO NEWS, CKCU-FM IN OTTAWA is celebrating their 10th anniversary of FM broadcasting this November. CKCU is the oldest university radio station in Canada and we wish them all the best, and many happy returns. If you're a former member of CKCU you are invited to join the celebration by contacting Joe Reilly at (613) 231-4498.

Late breaking news... congrats to Laurie Mercer (CAT Productions) and his wife on the birth to them of twin baby girls. Look for Laurie and the twins at Husker Du on Oct. 25.



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Monday, October 7

— **The Semi-Finals** wherein the Sexual Infections, Little Ratskulls and the winner of the Sept. 30 round (either Mondo Rio, the Wardels or the Irritants) have it out to see who advances to the finals (and thus win a place on the new Shindig album, recording time, a nice set of Tupperware, and all sorts of other neat stuff).

Monday, October 14

— **THANKSGIVING WEEKEND** IS A time for pivotal football games, roast turkey, pumpkin pie and family dinners. We've decided that is not the time for a Battle of the Bands. So, on October 14 Shindig will present a Post-Pigfest Special Feature. Appearing will be Bill of Rights, (who have followed up their Live at Wreck Beach cassette with another full-length cassette release), and The Spores (who will take the opportunity to host their second record release party in a week). The cover on this special no-contest night will be the same as on regular Shindig nights. But please, remember to wipe the gravy off your chin.

Monday, October 21**TROUBLE BOYS**

Troy Brooks (guitar/vocals), **Gary Seronick** (bass/vocals), **Todd McGarvey** (drums)

TROUBLE BOYS ARE RETURNEES FROM last year's Shindig. Described at the time as "unabashed popsters with uncanny songwriting ability and a bouncy, fluid style", they were unfortunate enough to play the same night as Death Sentence, a band whose fans are, to say the least, loyal and legion. Pared down to a three-piece, they're hoping for better luck this year.

LINE DRIVER

Terry Lynn Ryan (guitar/vocals), **Michael Van Eyes** (keyboards/guitar/vocals), **Peter Mitchell** (guitar/dobro/mandolin), **Lee Holmes** (bass), **John Rule** (drums)

LINE DRIVER IS THE VEHICLE FOR **TERRY Lynn Ryan**, who has previously released a couple of singles. While the core of the band has been

together for three years, this has been supplemented by other members over the last six months. Ryan describes the band's sound as "country-rock, country-swing, country-boogie, country-anything." Line Driver is currently putting the finishing touches on a demo, so listen to CTR for a preview.



Sexual Infections—First Round Shindig winners

SOREHEADS

Rob Elliot (vocals), **Ron Yamauchi** (keyboards), **Tony Lee** (drums), **Gary Jones** (guitar), **Bill** (bass)

AFTER SPENDING TWO AND A HALF years in the basement, the Soreheads emerged last March to play what vocalist Elliot describes as "Angst-Lounge-Rock". While the band has played a few club gigs around town, they are counting on Shindig ("or all the members getting day jobs") to allow them time to record and

release a single featuring "Drive-through Mortician"/"Teenage Crime Wave". Another track will be included on a forthcoming Collectors RPM Undergrowth cassette.

Monday, October 28**DEAD CATS**

Rob Thomson (guitar/lead vocals), **Steve Prouse** (lead guitar), **Beef** (drums), **Dale** (bass)

THIS IS THE FIRST BAND FOR THREE OF the members of the Dead Cats, who formed last November. The recent loan of bassist Dale ("I don't remember his last name," says Thomson) rounded out the band. Thomson says the band play Corrodability and that "we're just learning what instruments are."

BAD ATTITUDE

Shane Davis (guitar), **Lev Delaney** (drums), **Jeff Turner** (vocals), **Robert McGilavry** (bass).

BAD ATTITUDE HAVE BEEN PLAYING TOGETHER for about 14 months. Guitarist Davis describes the band's music as Demolition Rock, a genre they inhabit with the likes of Slow and Idle and Undesirable (formerly Sudden Impact). When asked what Demolition Rock is, Davis hums and haws before quoting late Sudden Impact vocalist Mink: "The whole point of Demolition Rock is to generate mass power and help the audience blow their minds."

Bad Attitude have recorded a demo and, in the event that they win first prize, would like to record enough for an album.

BAYOU DRACHMA

Cameron Brown (bass), **Jeff Hay-Roe** (guitar/vocals), **John Breatheron** (guitar/vocals), **Frank Buikema** (drums)

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE GOT THE name," says bassist Cameron Brown of Bayou Drachma. The band's been together for about two years although it only came together in the last six months. Brown describes their music as "Pseudo-folk-psychedelic-pop-rock" and says they have a demo about half done and hope to do some recording next year.

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15 & 16 - CHEFS; 17-19 - BOX PHANTOMS;
24-26 FABULON;
31 HALLOWE'EN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Chris and Cosey throbbing on

IN 1981, one of the most controversial musical collaborations to emerge from the British Underground, Throbbing Gristle, called it quits. Citing exhaustion of possibilities, they took a route open to all artists but travelled only by the most honest or courageous. In the aftermath, the various members of TG re-emerged as Chris & Cosey (Chris Carter and Cosey Fanni Tutti) on the one hand, and Psychic TV with all its permutations (Genesis P. Orridge, Sleazy, et al.) on the other. On October 9, Chris & Cosey will appear at the Luv-A-Fair as the last stop on their first Canadian tour. On August 31, I phoned them in England (and charged the call to Mark Mushet's number, hee hee). The edited transcription of the conversation and the accompanying discography might serve as a preview for those wondering what to expect on October 9.



DISC: I understand your new album is being released in North America.

COSEY: Yes, it's going out on Warner Bros. as we do the tour.

D: Will that mean you'll be featuring the album fairly heavily in Vancouver?

C: Not particularly, no...we thought we'd do quite a mixture of material—some old—some new.

D: What's the album like in terms of what you've done before?

C: The production's changed yet again; but it's a cross between *(Songs of) Love and Lust*, "October (Love Song)" and *Hammerhouse (Conspiracy International Vol. 1)*. It's a real cross-section actually—it's got a lot more lyrics on it and more songs as such.

D: How about some of the older material?

C: We were thinking of doing a version of "October (Love Song)" which is more the original version—much slower.

D: I don't imagine any of this has filtered through to England, but when Tom Ellard (of Severed Heads) was here in June, Vancouver had the phenomenon where word of the concert snowballed and it became THE place to be that night. A lot

of people ended up there with absolutely no idea of what to expect. I'd like to give our readers a clear picture of what will happen on October 9 as possible. What about the use of tapes?

C: Our tapes? Chris is right here. Perhaps you can talk to him about that.

CHRIS: This time we're taking a small porta-studio with us—a Fostex. It has basic rhythms on it and a few sequencers. And that will possibly have a sync code on it that will be triggering a Roland drum machine as well. This is the first tour we've ever done where we're actually taking a fully-fledged drum machine with us—so we can play on top of that as well.

D: What sort of visuals can we expect?

C: The visuals at the moment are based around a video tape which will be presented on a video screen; but we're also bringing some 35 mm slides with us in case we get the opportunity to use any slide projectors—and then John Lacey will juxtapose them as well as the video tape.

D: Your new solo album, *Mondobeat*, had been released here. Did Cosey have any involvement in that?

C: She participated in the production.

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D: Does she plan any solo work in the future?

C: I'm not sure—Maybe you should ask her.

COSEY: No plans at the moment—I've been doing some performance work here, mainly. That's about the only thing I would think of releasing on video and then I would do music to go with it. But we're not going to film any of our performances as such.

D: I'd like to talk a bit about collaborations. The liner notes to Mondobeat mention a planned release of material done with the Eurythmics. Has that materialized?

C: Yes. It was originally started in 1982, and then things crescendoed for them, and then we went on tour, and then they went on tour—but we finally got the okay to release it from RCA. It will be released by Rough Trade on September 18.

"Throbbing Gristle won't work together again. We just exhausted all the possibilities."

D: It was hinted in a few articles I read that you were working with other groups such as Lustmord or Konstruktivits. Is that so?

C: Yes. We did the one 12" with Lustmord (*Conspiracy International*, Vol. 2). We were wanting to put out his album on Conspiracy, but we just don't have the money to do it. We told him (Brian Lustmord) to keep it and mix it when he can and give it to someone who could get it out as soon as possible—because we didn't have the funds to do it immediately.

D: How about Konstruktivits?

C: The same thing applies—because we're not a label as such. We just brought Conspiracy in to cater to the more unusual things that we do—collaboration-wise or on our own. But Geln (Wallis) came to our studio and recorded his new album here—and we'd really like to put it on our own label; but we couldn't do him the credit that he deserves. He's hoping to get it out on his own label—but via the Cartel.

D: Some electronically-oriented groups seem to be hindered by the new technology in that they become too clean and homogenized and all start to sound the same. Why do you think that is?

C: I don't know, really. I guess it's just a lack of imagination.

D: I'm a bit curious about your own feelings for your releases. Heartbeat for example. Was that very difficult to do without the rest of TG as your first independent effort?

C: No, it was very easy, actually. We recorded it very quickly and it went really well. The only strange thing that happened after TG split was when we did our first live show and we went to a rehearsal before we went out to the gig and started improvising. About 15 minutes in, we looked at each other and we both realized that we were waiting for Genesis to start. That was the only strange thing—but I'm glad we did it in rehearsal because we got it out of our system and after that it was great.

D: How about Trance? For me this was a return to the old TG sound. Would you agree?

C: I don't know, because some people wonder whether it sounds like TG or not and were 50% of TG—so bits and pieces of TG are still there.

D: European Rendezvous—I was very impressed with the sound of this album. This was all live?

C: Yes—from the tour we did.

D: Is that a fair representation of what you sound like now in a live gig?

C: I've no idea, because we haven't played live since then.

D: Psychic TV et al. seem to have gone in such a drastically

different direction from you—do you keep in touch with what they are doing and vice versa?

C: I know Genesis played some of our records when he did some DJ-ing in some of the clubs in London. That's quite nice to hear—and his wife likes our music. I've asked Sleazy for a copy of (Coil's) *Scatology*; but I haven't got one yet. We're all still talking and everything.

D: *What strikes me is that both you and Chris on the one side, and Genesis and Sleazy on the other side seem to do an awful lot of interesting collaborative work with other people but there doesn't seem to be much between yourselves anymore.*

C: We won't work together again. We just exhausted all the possibilities for each other and everything we had to offer each other is no more.

D: *What do you think of the directions music is heading these days? Is there anything or anyone that excites you?*

C: A really difficult one, that, because some days I'll listen to something and I'll think "that's great" and then as soon as someone asks me I forget. I can't think of anything that just sort of jumps out at me at the moment. It's all a little bit apathetic—especially in England.

D: *That brings up an interesting point. Most of the experimental groups in England and Europe seem to gain an awful lot more acceptance in North America than they do at home. Would you agree?*

C: Yeah, I would.

D: *Why?*

C: In England people are so used to having things put on a plate and put in front of them. And even sort of pigeon-holed, and they're told what to think about it. It influences people's attitudes. Mind you, there's a hell of a lot of decent people in England as well—but what you end up with is the fashionable crowd that zoom in on a gig.

D: *Unfortunately that happens here too.*

C: The popularity of music in England is very transient. You make it onto the charts and you're there for about 2 or 3 years and then you're cabaret.

—Larry Thiessen

DISCOGRAPHY

Cassettes

Sinn & Form Cassette & Magazine (West Germany)

Sudden Surge of Power (Cause for Concern - U.K.)

Rising from the Red Sands Cassettes Vol. 1 & Vol. 4 (Third Mind - U.K.)

Time to Tell Cassette & Magazine (Ian Dobson - U.K.)

CTI "Chris & Cosey" *Live in Berlin* 1983

CTI "Chris & Cosey" *Live in Zurich* 1983

The Space Between (Chris Carter) Third Mind - UK.)

Records

Heartbeat (Rough Trade - U.K.) November 1981

Trance (Rough Trade - U.K.) May 1982

Flowmotion LP (Ian Dobson - U.K.)

"Nicki" single (Japan) 1983

"October (Love Song)" single (Rough Trade - U.K.) 1983

Songs of Love & Lust (Rough Trade - U.K.) January 1984

Elemental 7 (Doublevision - U.K.) 1984

Hammerhouse - Conspiracy International Vol. 1 (CTI - U.K.) 1984

European Rendezvous Live (Doublevision - U.K.) 1984

Thy Gift of Tongues - Conspiracy International Vol. 2 (CTR - U.K.) 1985

"Untitled" single (with the Eurythmics) (Rough Trade - U.K.) September 1985

Archive LP - Scheduled for release in 1985

Mondobeat Conspiracy International Vol. 3 - Chris Carter (CTI - U.K.) 1985

Techno-primitive - due for release by Warner Bros, Fall 1985

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TOUCHE

an accent on diversity

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC is a unique place, an island of 16th century French language and customs that is struggling to maintain its identity in the midst of an English-speaking nation that is doing the same, vis-a-vis the United States. Montreal, physically situated on an island, finds itself in an equally unique position, musically and culturally, with a mix of French and English found nowhere else on the continent, or in the world, for that matter. So it stands to reason that they would have a unique and interesting bilingual music scene, right? Wrong, according to Touche.

TOUCHE, in case you've forgotten, were here in late August for a series of concerts at the Arts Club Lounge and the Savoy, with a benefit at CRAB Beach thrown in for good measure. They're a six-piece—singer, bassist, guitarist, drummer, alto and tenor saxophones—with no easy musical definition. The most conspicuous feature is their lyrics, provided by poet/singer Anonyme Sansreget (literally, Anonymous Noregrets), which are 100% en français. That's right folks, another language, foreign to most of us. The year I spent in Quebec taught me enough French to understand what these people were singing about, or so I thought.

In fact, most of Anonyme's songs are filled with colloquialisms and double-entendres, making it tough even for some Francophones to get a handle on his entire message. The whole band speaks English, so I wasn't forced to test my rusty French during the interview. Stephen Nikleva, Red Herring's guitar player, contributed his technical musical knowledge to the interview, asking most of the questions pertaining to, well, musician-stuff.

The Roving Ear in last month's *Discorder* covered the Montreal scene from the perspective of Deja Voodoo's guitar player (and Anglophone) Gerard Van Herk. Touche's guitarist, Stefan Delaney, provides a different viewpoint: "It's a state of confusion, really, there is no underground establishment and only a handful of bands last for

any period of time. Disco and Top 40, along with heavy metal, are very strong, but people go for that because they have nothing to identify with, no music to reflect their state of being in Montreal."

But what about Touche's inclusion in the scene? Anonyme replies, "We've played at Les Foufounes Electriques five times and people, the media, are really reaching out. Hopefully, in a couple of months, they will classify Touche as...Touche! After all, we've only been together six months, although in those six months lots of things have happened to us."

It's really quite amazing that a six-month-old band can embark on a cross-Canada tour without so much as a packaged demo tape, but these folks were received warmly in every city they played. This speaks volumes for their ability to cross the language barrier of their lyrics through an intense application of the universal language, music. I asked Anonyme whether he thought that the barrier might be too much to overcome in the long run. "For the moment I'm not expecting people to understand what I'm saying. I don't think it matters so much what I give out, it's how I give it out."

Without a doubt, this singer manages to express himself more than adequately on stage. One characteristic common to speakers of the Romance languages is the ability (some would call it an art) to speak with their hands. With one of said appendages grasping a microphone, Anonyme is left with a single conduit for his non-verbal

communication. This proves to be enough. In their show on CRAB Beach he had the crowd in the palm of his hand, expressing more emotion through body language than many singers can with their voices. But does this make Anonyme the band's "leader?" Not as far as he's concerned. "Sometimes we need an 'eteincelle' (spark), but everybody is a leader with his or her instrument. Often I will arrive with an idea, but when the band accepts it, I no longer think of it as 'my' idea. I like it this way."

ANONYME is not a singer by trade, though, and his poetry has always been more important to him than his music. Today, things have changed. "I want to put a border between the band and my solo poetry. I don't want to be known as a poet with backup musicians, I want to be a part of the band. Maybe one day, if I work hard, I will be a good singer and remove the idea of 'poet' when I get in front of the microphone." The poetry integrates very well with the music, as do all of the diverse elements provided by the two-woman horn and rock 'n roll rhythm sections. "The horn section arranges its own lines," says Stefan. "I generally do the basic arranging, the structure of the song, but I never write for anybody else's instrument. The fact that the horns blend so well is a credit to their great musicianship."

Stefan's jazz influences show up in the complex guitar lines he writes, but the amazing thing about Touche's music is the manner in which different styles mesh to create harmony. Jeff St-Louis, the drummer, has played mostly in heavy metal and hard-core bands, while the bass player is a Rolling Stones fan. This become evident only after close examination of the music, because the overall sound is not even close to either of these genres. In fact, Touche's vibrant, but unclassifiable sound is only part of the reason that they feel their success in Quebec is imminent. I was extremely surprised to find out that they are one of a precious few Quebec bands, in an alter-

native vein, who sing in their native tongue. Anonyme explains it this way: "Well, we should start before the Parti Quebecois became the government in 1976. We had lots of French bands then but the message was always the same. Songs were about this country called Quebec, that they wanted to be separate from Canada. When the PQ came to power, the people thought that they'd won the fight, that they didn't have to sing in French to affirm their culture anymore. For five or six years, I've been telling people everywhere I go that the first good band to come along with French lyrics will find the door very large. This made our decision to sing in French extremely difficult."

To this Stefan adds: "We're walking on land that hasn't been walked on for so long...the grass is high, the trees have grown, and there's nobody there."

THEY DON'T FEEL like maintaining this pioneer spirit for very long, however, that's the kind of thing that could break a band's artistic back. They would like to use their successful tour as an example for fellow French musicians to follow. Anonyme sums up their feelings this way: "Perhaps, when people ask us how our tour went, our answers can help change things. 'Oh yeah? They do that in Regina?', they'll say. Before we left, people told us that we were committing a kind of suicide. 'All the songs are in French, they won't like you, they won't understand you, they won't come to see you!'. I was uncertain then, I hoped for a warm reception but what we received has been incredible!"

We went on to discuss the precarious state of Quebec politics, with the return of Robert Bourassa to the provincial Liberals, the power vacuum created by Rene Levesque's departure, and the possible effects on the artistic community. Anonyme confided that "...maybe I'm more separatist than I think, but we in Quebec need a stronger mental border between us and the Americanism around us. When you are surrounded by the English and American mentality, you feel that...that maybe it's better that you not elect Robert Bourassa." So much for politics.

Quebec is home to some of my happiest memories and Touche's positive attitude, their Gallic confidence and sincerity, brought back the feelings I got from most of the Quebecois I encountered. Pierre Vallieres' "white niggers of America" are no more, it seems, and in their place we find a people who have come a long way in search of an identity and who have gained enough security to continue that search. Touche, through the musical celebration of the French language, and through their efforts to expose this to their fellow Quebecois, are an integral part of the cultural and artistic aspects of the furthering of the French-Canadian's lot. Moi, j'ai fini, mais Touche va continuer.

—Jason Grant

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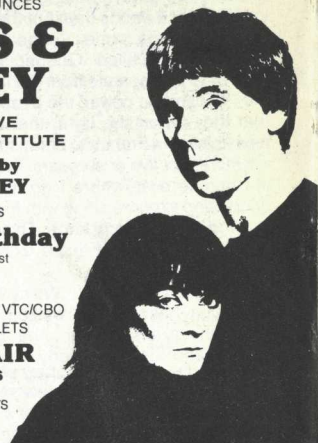
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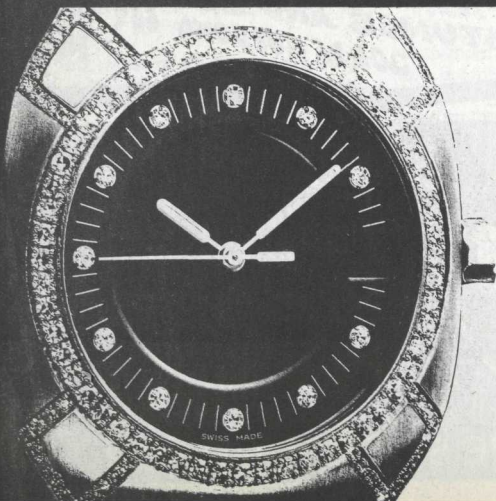
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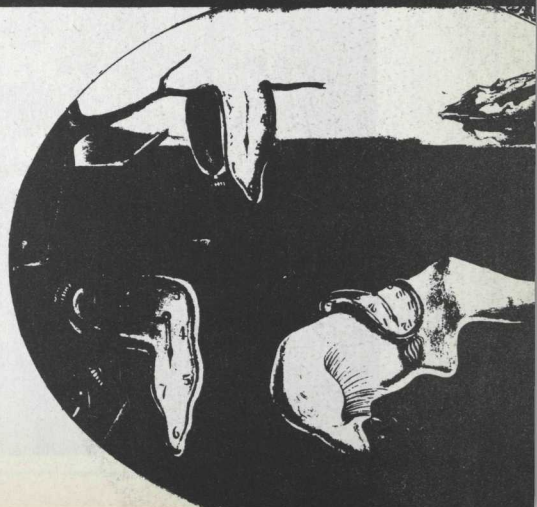
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Brilliant Orange

Keel hauls the Record Biz

THERE IS A GAME played by adolescent boys. One boy says to another, "Excuse me, there's a spot on your shirt," and then points to the area where the spot is supposed to be. Being naturally concerned with his physical appearance, the second boy looks down at the front of his shirt to see the spot and...WHACK!!...finds himself being tapped under the chin.

The whole activity is basically good clean fun if you're 15, broke and stupid...it's not the sort of thing the singer of a good but relatively unknown band would, or should, do to the president of a major record company. Except that Graham Brown, the singer of the good but relatively unknown Brilliant Orange, did just that to the president of Sire Records.

"I wanted this guy to remember me," says Brown of his actions on that warm summer evening aboard the Hollyburn, as K.D. Lange and Brilliant Orange went Boating with Bud, along with a bunch of water-born music lovers.

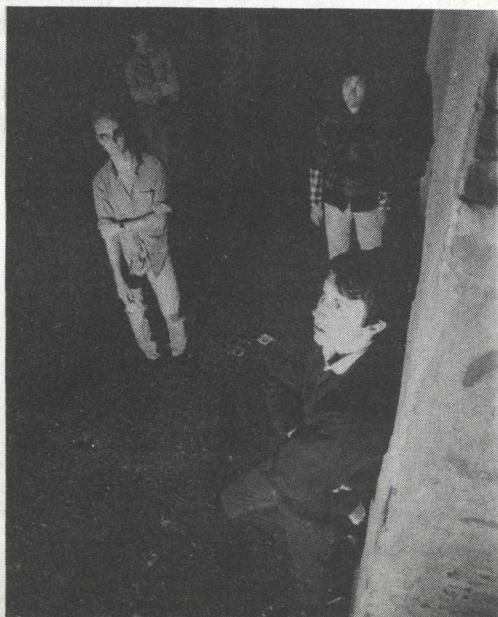


Photo: Ross Cameron

BROWN PEERS OUT from behind the omnipresent glasses as he gleefully relates this tweeking of the nose of the record biz. We're sitting in the Pender Street loft that Brilliant Orange calls a practice space, and as drummer Rick Vee comes in he voices his concern for a grounded seabird of some variety in the lane outside. Brown, guitarist Mark Findler, and I follow Vee outside to investigate.

"What kind is it?"

"I dunno...a Cormorant maybe?"

A decision is made to phone the SPCA and we return to the loft to continue the interview. "Mark and I started Brilliant Orange about 10 months ago," explains Brown. "A mutual friend introduced us one night at the Railway Club, knowing we were both looking for projects." Previously the athletic Brown had lived in Edmonton and played there in a moderately successful band, Junior Gone Wild. Findler will admit only to having lived in North Van for many years and to having skied a lot while there. When prodded, Findler adds that his biggest musical influence is Kiss—"No, no, just kidding." He later added that he thought of AC/DC as a good, honest, live act and that he liked "intelligent bands...that's why I like...AC/DC." (I dunno, he seemed like a reasonably intelligent guy for the rest of the interview.) For the first five months Brilliant Orange was Findler and Brown practicing, writing, getting ready to record a demo.

"The name Brilliant Orange came about because, well...we think of ourselves as fairly brilliant fellows," says Brown modestly.

"We do?" inquires Findler.

"Sure we do," replies Brown, "and orange is everywhere."

"Yes...I see...AAARRRGGGHHH..." I replied as their orange kitten clawed at the orange pen in my hand.

So much for the name.

THE DEMO WAS recorded and sent off to CITR where two tracks, the irrepressibly upbeat *Happy Man* and the country-tinged sagebrush saga *Shotguns, Cacti and Vengeance* went to #1. With the songs receiving airplay, Findler and Brown recruited Vee and bassist Dave Glenn. Beyond his credentials as the saviour of our



Photo: Ross Cameron

fine feathered friends, Vee will only reveal that he grew up in Calgary playing the drums and listening to CFCN, the local Top 40 station.

Mr. Glenn was, sadly, absent from the interview so we'll have to take the word of the others that Dave is (a) "weird", (b) "a funny guy", (c) "kind of psychotic...no, that not fair", (d) "no, actually Dave's very intelligent", and (e) that "he plays bass very well". We are further informed that if he had been present Glenn would have said things like "I want everything, but I don't know where to put it," and "this isn't a band (or

an interview), this is a festival."

WITH THE LINEUP complete, Brilliant Orange debuted at the Town Pump, opening for Bob's Your Uncle. Since then they've played a variety of clubs as well as making an appearance at the Commodore, supporting Poisoned at a Food Bank benefit.

"We just want to play some honest songs and avoid just going through the moves," says Brown of the live show. "I believe I'm up there to entertain people, but I think that if we have a good time, it'll rub off on the audience."

More likely to move the audience is the band's vibrant ringing sound, vaguely reminiscent of REM meeting XTC in an alphabet soup of musical experience. There is a definite rootsy feeling in the band's music, with the chiming of Findler's Rickenbacker bouncing off Brown's acoustic work and Glenn adding his voice to the other two to further brighten the sound.

Front and center in the band is Brown, described by the others as the anarchist of the band. He is, to say the least, a curious character. He claims to sleep only four hours every two days, and when asked about the ubiquitous Lennon glasses replies, half in jest, "I'm scared of the crowd...I'm afraid they might see my eyes ...see something I don't want them to see." An unusual confession from someone who seems as concerned with honesty in music as he does.

Yet the honesty does come across on stage. And we shall soon see if Brilliant Orange can bring it across on vinyl. An EP featuring recorded versions of *Happy Man* and *Shotguns...* along with two other songs should be released this month. After that it'll be off on the road, visiting Brown and Vee's hometowns as well as points further east. The familiar slog. You'd think there would be an easier way.

"Excuse me sir, but there's a spot on your shirt."

WHACK!

—Pat Carroll

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 11 Fri. David Johansen
 12 Sat. Sex and Bestiality Pt. I
 A four-cassette compilation (issued by Bain Total, 1984) of experimental, industrial electronic music featuring a multitude of European bands (Recluse Organisation, Smersh, Smeigma, Sleep Chamber, Die Musik) on Independent labels. "Dedicated to Genesis P. Orridge."
 14 Mon. Flaming Groovies Pt. I
 15 Tues. Grapes of Wrath
 17 Thur. Top of the Bops
 18 Fri. 7:15 pm Football: UBC vs. Manitoba
 19 Sat. Sex and Bestiality Pt. II
 21 Mon. Flaming Groovies Pt. II
 22 Tues. Mitch Easter—The Man The Myth
 24 Thur. Top of the Bops
 25 Fri. Floyd's Favourites
 26 Sat. Sex and Bestiality Pt. III
 28 Mon. The 3 O'Clock
 29 Tues. 6:30 p.m. The Cramps—a 3-hour special
 31 Thur. Top of the Bops

WEEKDAY REGULARS

- 7:30 am Sign-On
 8:00 am WAKE-UP REPORT
 News, sports and weather.
 10:00 am BREAKFAST REPORT
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT**.
 1:00 pm LUNCH REPORT
 News, sports and weather.
 4:30 pm AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK
 6:00 pm DINNER MAGAZINE
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS**, **INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE**.
 4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

MONDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:15-10:00 am

7:15-8:00 Music/Music/Music and lift off.

8:00-9:00 News/Music/News/Music/News

9:00-10:00 Theatre of the Mind...is about fill-

ing one hour with one idea. Produced by E.S.I. Special production by Patrice Leslie!

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

07 Oct. **Gary Bartz** and the **NTU Troop**. *Taifa* and *Harlem Bush Music*: two albums that combine vocals, chants, Afro-American socio-politics and excellent Jazz led by one of the leading post-Coltrane saxophonists. Gary Bartz (alto and soprano saxophones) with his NTU Troop and vocalist *Andy Bey*.

14 Oct. **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers**. Art Blakey's dynamic young band as they sounded with both **Marsalis** brothers...**Wynton** (trumpet) and **Branford** (alto saxophone). Recorded in 1982 at San Francisco's Keystone Korner.

21 Oct. Something different, an album by the great **Julian "Cannonball" Adderley** in a speaking role. Cannonball presents (with musical examples) a History of Jazz: from its beginning to 1960, when the album was recorded. One of the best and most entertaining histories of this music. Musical academics should check this out.

28 Oct. **The Art of The Ballad**. Great performances by various Jazz artists playing ballads. Slow, sad, sweet, sensual playing by many of "the greats". Hear **Lester Young**, **Miles Davis**, **Thelonious Monk**, **John Coltrane**, **Sonny Rollins**, etc...

TUESDAYS

DOG'S BREAKFAST

7:30-11:00 am

A goulash of aural surprises and "Over the Fence" radio drivel some time around 9:00. Special orders will be taken. Your waiter: Paul Funk.

PLAY LOUD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Difficult for the sake of being difficult. The diverse noise of repressed creation. Your worst fears realized. Aural surgery performed by CTR's resident misanthrope, Larry Thiessen. October low-life high-lights:

01 Oct. TBA (Maybe a lot of **Whitehouse** if he's feeling mean.)

08 Oct. The Case for Brevity—Music especially composed or performed for one minute (or less). Jarring. A show for confirmed caffeine freaks. Make arrangements now to be out of town for this one.

15 Oct. **Adrian Sherwood**—a tribute to the mastermind behind the sound of ON-U Records—who brought us Mark Stewart and Maffia, Annie

Anxiety etc. etc.

22 Oct. Local—an examination of some well-known and not so well known local artists. Several debut airings.

29 Oct. Halloween. A repeat of the **Psychic TV** special with many new and added demons.

WEDNESDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

4:00-6:00 pm

This popular show specializes in music described, for lack of better words, as "hard-core punk." But we also like and play garage bands, guitar-oriented bands, and occasional-ly Swahili-electro-salsa-funk. With the ir-repressible Mike Dennis and co-hosts Andrea Garnier and Kamel Gill.

02 Oct. Tea and Crumpets with the *Spores*.

09 Oct. Andrea picks the hits.

16 Oct. *Husker Du* Day.

23 Oct. Andrea rocks out.

30 Oct. *SHAM* 69 Live.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

6:20-7:30 pm

Woman, heal thyself with Ann and Lil's remedy for the Old Boys' Network: an hour of news, interviews, and music. A shot in the arm for all women, and for any man who likes them.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S. This show will really mess up your BMW!

02 Oct. *La Voix du Lezard* from Paris

09 Oct. Radio SORDIDE from Normandy

15 Oct. Made in Australia from Sydney

23 Oct. Radio LAOLIN from the Loire Valley

30 Oct. Radio KOLN from Germany

THURSDAYS

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

Top of the Bops approaches rock'n'roll from the broader perspective of its roots in country, country swing and rockabilly as well as R&B, jump blues and doo wop.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

We're never quite sure who Mel Brewer will send our way each week, but he inevitably comes through with somebody. In past months we've featured the Enigmas, Lost Durangos, Bolero Lava, Ripchords, 54/40, Animal Slaves, Go Four 3, Chris Houston, Bill of Rights, and, of course, the Rock Critics.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

Stirrings—A radio program that focuses on current revolutions of the heart and mind. Issues covered will include Native issues (Stein Valley), Women's issues (Dub Poets), Anthropological explorations

G U I D E

(discovering the Secrets of the Shaman), and interviews with cultural types. This month: Malopoets, Steel Pulse, Mark Isham and, of course, the unexpected. Get it inside you. Host and Researcher: Kirby Hill.

POWER CHORD

5:00-6:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

THE BIG SHOW

9:00 pm-midnight

Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big International! can't get you dancing, no-one can.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Interviews with local musicians and artists, the newest sounds at CITR, your personal requests and even golden oldies. What more could you want? Hosted by Andreas Kitzmann and Sheri Walton.

WEEKEND REGULARS

- 7:30 am **Sign-On (Saturdays)**
 8:00 am **Sign-On (Sundays)**
 Noon **BRUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 8:00 pm **SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE**
 News, sports and weather, plus
GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of
 current affairs and special features.
 4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE FOLK SHOW

10:30 am-Noon

Host Steve Edge presents a wide range of folk music, extending from the latest U.K. Rogue-Folk through to all kinds of traditional music from Canada, U.S.A., the British Isles and just about anywhere else. Plus the latest U.K. soccer results at 11 a.m.

NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm

Join CITR's music directors as they take you through the station's new and exciting Spin List. Turn to page 21 for your own copy.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:30 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal. Operator Don Miller; Production Stacey Fruin.

Hi Profiles

26 Oct. Prince Far I

Interviews

05 Oct. Joolz — poet and actress from northern England (who is also performing tonight at Gangland Studio, 1715

Cook St.)

12 Oct. **Michael Harding** — a chat with this local performance artist whose rigue public performances have sometimes had him arrested!

19 Oct. **Trisha Roche** — a worker with Development and Peace who has recently returned from Nicaragua.

Features

05 Oct. **AEIOU** — political satire with the Artists Educational Iconoclastic Organization (Un-)limited.

12 Oct. **citizen Kane** — Propaganda's Brent Kane interviews **Kevin Zed**. **Umkonto We Sizwe!** — (Spear of the Nation!) Propaganda! delves into the reality of oppression in South Africa. This month, profiles of **Nelson Mandela** and the late **Steve Biko**.

19 Oct. **AEIOU**

26 Oct. **Umkonto We Sizwe!**

PYJAMA PARTY

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights.

TUNES 'R' US

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music, Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music. R.I.P. to Music From The Tarpits.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon

20th Century music in the classical tradition—Mahler to Medernal, Scriabin to Xenakis, all styles, media, and nationalities. Hosts: Lynn Price and Paul Smith.

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

The best in reggae with host George Family Man Barrett, Jerry the Special Selector, the Major Operator, and Collin the Prentice.

06 Oct. **Sunsplash** review

13 Oct. **Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus**

20 Oct. **Reggae Dub Poets**

27 Oct. **Messenjah**

SOUL GALORE

3:00-4:30 pm

Focusing on Black-American popular music of

this century, this program takes you from the birth of the blues through doo-wop, soul and funk, from Massachusetts to California and everywhere in between.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

4:30-6:00 pm

A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

6:30-8:00 pm

Relevance? What relevance? Music, interviews, comedy and readings of prose and poetry with hosts Chris Dafoe and Paris Simons.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

8:00-9:00 pm

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Probably Vancouver alternative radio's most alternative show. Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

06 Oct. One show a month set aside for surprises?

13 Oct. After the fact with **Chris and Cosey (CTI with John Lacey)**. Interview and music with this most pleasant pair of individuals.

20 Oct. **Mr. Marital Aid** reads selected original works of prose and poetry. Improvised prose, Furious Boys, and more.

27 Oct. Given the success of August's live mix of contributed tapes, a Radio Performance Collective called "Various Artists" has been formed. Founding members: Mark Mushet, Larry Thiessen, Greg Nixon, Clemens Rettich. Others are welcome to join.

THE EARLY MUSIC SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Join host Ken Jackson for music from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented at an appropriately early hour. This month's highlights:

07 Oct. Hanacpachap Cussicuinin by **Juan Perez, Bocanegra** (Lima, Peru)

14 Oct. **Francois Couperin**

21 Oct. 11th to 13th Century Troubadours

28 Oct. **W.A. Mozart**-Symphony No. 40 performed by the Academy of Ancient Music

LIVE THUNDERBIRD SPORTS BROADCASTS

FOOTBALL

Sat. 05 Oct., 7:15 pm

UBC T-Birds vs. Alberta Golden Bears

Fri. 18 Oct., 7:15 pm

UBC T-Birds vs. Manitoba Bisons

Fri. 25 Oct., 4:45 pm

UBC T-Birds vs. Calgary Dinosaurs

BASKETBALL

The Buchanan Classic

UBC T-Birds vs. SFU Clansmen

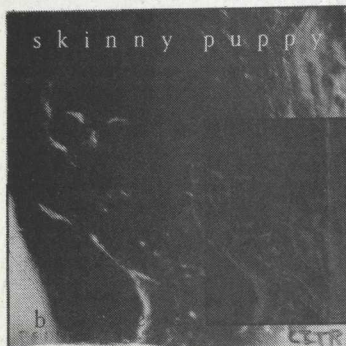
Fri. 08 Nov., 8:15 pm (game 1)

Sat. 09 Nov., 7:45 pm (game 2)

Tues. 12 Nov., 8:15 pm (game 3 if necessary)

VINYL VERDICT

Skinny Puppy



Bites Nettwerk

LET'S SAY A FEW NICE THINGS ABOUT Nettwerk shall we? Under the direction of Terry McBride, Nettwerk has quickly established a reputation of being one of the most highly organized and image-conscious record labels in North America. The packaging is first rate, the pressings are outstanding, and the live presentation of Nettwerk are immaculately produced. There is certainly a great deal of creative opportunism at work here. Well done.

Now, let's say a few nasty things about Skinny Puppy, the juggernaut of Nettwerk's latest promotional thrust. Contrived. Horribly plagiarized. Pretentious. Dreary. Silly. Embarrassing. Infante. And all this to be found in Vancouver's most unlikely teenybop fave rave. But then, maybe they hope to supercede Wham! Some people really need the wind taken out of their sales (sic). Skinny Puppy top my list if only because they promise to put Vancouver on the map as "the little town that couldn't produce anything of origin or substance."

Skinny Puppy were first brought to my attention in the spring of 1984. Kevin Crompton gave me number 12 in an "extremely" limited edition run of cassettes. The tape was called *Back and Forth* and the insert gave open credit to the influence of Britain's Nocturnal Emissions, Portion Control, and the Legendary Pink Dots. The credit was crucial to the integrity of the tape because all of the music was solely derived from those three groups.

At the time, I was just happy to see that there was a healthy interest in the independent, mail music network. Since that time, the pups have had visions of stars (themselves) and 6 by 2 1/4-inch pieces of paper with portraits of various prime ministers and the odd monarch on them.

They've also seen fit to don the musical blinkers and pursue the wholesale theft of every hackneyed sound and image produced by Britain's failing "industrial" softcore dancebeat scene. Plagiarism is often difficult to avoid in the world of pop music, but here we are dealing with

out and out robbery right down to the graphic images that accompany the disc.

What I suspect is that Skinny Puppy hope to repackage and sell the oh-so-demonic-and-threatening "industrial" dancebeat sound to a North American market that is, at best, only peripherally aware of the originals. The "originals" in this case refers to Portion Control, Cabaret Voltaire, Nocturnal Emissions, Legendary Pink Dots, Severed Heads, and, to a minor degree, Chris and Cozey. What many of these groups once had to offer was a musical look at such pertinent subjects as the power of suggestion, abuse of popular mediums through disinformation, violence, deviant forms of sexuality, etc. etc. Now, the lure of the might disco thudbeat has supplanted all of this and many of this school of music are quite justly accused of being excessively pretentious pop bands (Cabaret Voltaire being the most revolting). And to think that Skinny Puppy arrived on the scene *after* all this. "Social Deception" indeed!

To give you an idea of just how creatively bankrupt (read corrupt) Skinny Puppy actually are; the opening track, "Assimilate," was "produced and mixed" by the Severed Heads' Tom Ellard when he was in town this past June. What this actually means is that the pups came up with a very simple synth riff in the studio then promptly arrived at an impasse. Mr. Ellard then comes in, by invitation, and proceeds to work out the

rest of the idea. The resulting track comes up Severed Heads all over. One listen to Tom's previous tape work will easily suffice.

What is even more amazing is that the opening track on side 2 begins with a tape of a man talking about his head being cut off, this being awfully reminiscent of "Dead Eyes Opened" from the Severed Heads' *Since the Accident* LP. The audible references to other groups don't end there. I don't want to mention all of those groups again, but given the striking lack of originality in the Puppy sound and the fact that Puppy can't even muster enough technique to blur the glaring audio piracy, I may have no choice.

This brings us to the overall sound and hence, lack of technique and originality. Skinny Puppy are working with an analog mentality in a digital environment. The aforementioned groups that so entranced the pups into blind worship used every basic analog tape technique to produce much of their best work. These guys, on the other hand, are working and recording in a state-of-the-art studio with the latest digital synths and sampling capability.

And what do they do in this luxurious position you ask? Well, besides the incessant and annoying disco thudbeat, they choose to use this wonderful, untapped resource to produce sounds that are so clichéd it is pitiful. D-d-d-d-d-digital delay galore! Other sounds, such as some variable speed tape work, have needlessly tied up some incredibly potent technology while they could have, or *should* have, been produced with analog facilities. Then again, if Loverboy can use a Fairlight...

Then there's the question of the vocals and lyrical content of the Puppy sound. Does anyone remember those Bugs Bunny episodes that featured the Tazmanian devil? Growly vocals! Ooooooh, SCARY! There has never been a voice of so many limitations in this city's history. Death death death. Please Kevin, sorry, Nivek, experience it first-hand before ranting about it here on the horrifying and depressing West Coast.

Now, on to the cover graphics. What we have here is the careful gleaning of the latest trend in European cover designs. It is far too similar to the Neville Brody/Crammed Discs school of ambiguous, beautifully obscured images. The two obvious reference points there would be Brody's cover for 23 Skidoo's *Seven Songs* LP or, despite the difference in release timing, the cover of the new Steven Brown/Benjamin Lew LP on Belgium's Crammed Discs label. Once again, no shortage of originality here. One problem is the recurring skeletal remains theme (suitably obscured, of course) that little boys find so fascinating. This is symptomatic of Skinny Puppy's blatantly contrived obsession with death that culminates in the strained attempt at perversity in the "thank you" column. And just what did Roman Polanski have to do with the production of *Bites*? Thirteen-year-old girls? You wish, guys. But then again, how is the Joi-gel and Juicy Fruit set to know about all this?

Many people have told me, "Ah, they're just a bunch of opportunists. Leave them alone." Well,



Offo E. Rotfisch

I'm sorry, but it goes a little deeper than that. Skinny Puppy pretend to have an independent, "new music" integrity and credibility that can only be said to be diametrically opposed to what they are actually doing; i.e. ripping off the other parties I've oft mentioned in order to become "underground" rock stars and sell this "new" sound to North American ears. If you are going to enter the commercial arena then go all the way, and play by their rules.

In the long run, Skinny Puppy will be the downfall of Nettwerk's credibility. Nettwerk does have the potential to be one truly brilliant organization, provided the likes of these clowns don't ruin it for them. Part and parcel? Let's hope not. There, chew on that one, Tindy.

—Mark Mushet

Hugh Masekela



Waiting For The Rain

Jive Afrika

Various Artists *An Afflicted Man's Musica Box* United Dairies (UK)

THESE RECORDS WERE MEANT FOR decidedly different ends. One starts from what is, to many of us, unfamiliar terrain, at least geographically. Its basis is from outside our musical culture, but its purpose is to achieve proximity. This happens through a sort of structural mutation, into something which is recognizably digestable. The other has its origins from within our culture, but yearns to be outside of it. It achieves its distance by stretching itself—to an extent where recognizable support and structure, being found useless, are shed. So, with the listener (and, in particular, the reviewer) caught in the middle, these two discs sort of point in the same direction. Let's get to the point.

The first record is by Hugh Masekela, who plays flugelhorn and trumpet, sings, and produces. *Waiting For The Rain* is a stylish blend of African flavour, but there are obvious Western jazz, pop, and structural collisions. Feel is not lost in the process, but the album works best when it leans blacker than whiter. Choice cuts are "Lady," "Politician," and "Run No More," although the others have their moments and virtues. The first features a soaring vocal line firmly footed by some solid bass and torso-twisting percussion. "Lady" was written by Fela Anikulapo Kuti, who is currently imprisoned in Nigeria.

SPINLIST TOP 33's

ARTIST TITLE LABEL

GRAPES OF WRATH
TALKING HEADS
CABARET VOLTAIRE
THE DAMNED
NEW MODEL ARMY
THE MEKONS
VARIOUS
A.K.O.B.
VARIOUS
MALOPOETS
A WESTERN FRONT
PLAN 9
MANU DIBANGO
SHRIEKBACK
BENJAMIN LEW/
STEVEN BROWN
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

September Bowl of Green
Little Creatures
Drinking Gasoline
Phantasmagoria
No Rest For The Wicked
Fear & Whiskey
This Is Hot!
Explosion Blues
Shindig!
Malopoets
Off to the Angels
I've Killed a Man..
Electric Africa
Oil and Gold

A Propos D'Un Paysage
Immigrant

NETTWERK
WEA
VIR/POLYGRAM
MCA (UK)
CAPITOL
RED RHINO (UK)
HOT (AUSTRALIA)
UNDERGROWTH
ZULUBIRD
CAPITOL
ORANGE (US)
MIDNIGHT (US)
CELLULOID (US)
ISLAND/MCA

CRAMBOY (NETH)
SITU2 (UK)

SPINLIST TOP 45's

ARTIST TITLE LABEL

THE WOODENTOPS
BRILLIANT ORANGE
OMNISQUID

LOST DURANGOS
HANDSOME NEDS
THE CURE
ROCKING FOOLS
THE CULT
DILETTANTES
TOUCHE
DAF
SLY & ROBBIE
THE ADULT NET
THE FALL
BUSTIN

Well Well Well/Get It On
Shotguns, Cacti, & Vengeance
Spontaneous Human
Combustion
Visions/I've Seen the Rain
In Spite of the Danger
In Between Days
Steady Job
She Sells Sanctuary
Theme/Dunkel Augen
Animal/.d'une Autre Planet
Absolute Body Control
Bass & Trouble/Black Satin
Incense & Peppermints
Rollin' Danny/Couldn't..
Think About It

ROUGHTRADE (UK)
DEMO

DEMO
DEMO
DEMO
FICTION (UK)
EAST SIDE
BGRSBQUT (UK)
DEMO
DEMO
ILLUMINAT (UK)
ISLAND/MCA
BGRSBQUT (UK)
BGRSBQUT (UK)
STREETHEART (BRD)

FAST FORWARD NEW RELEASES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
PAUL DOLDEN	Veils (15 ips reel)	SPERMBANK (VAN)
NURSE WITH WOUND	The Sylvie and Babs High Thigh Companion (L.P.)	LAYLAH (HOLL)
VARIOUS	Music with Memory - Tellus #9 (cassette compilation)	TELLUS/PASS (US)
CHRIS AND COSEY	Techno Primitives (L.P.)	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
VARIOUS	Continuous Live Mix of Tapes Submitted by a Variety of Vancouver Based Artists*	FASTFUCK (VAN)
SHOCK HEADED PETERS	The Kissing of Gods (E.P.)	BENELUX (UK)
VARIOUS	The Security Show (cassette compilation)	REALSOON (VAN)
VARIOUS	The Fight Is On (L.P.)	LAYLAH (BELG)
KEVIN GODSOE	Picture Postcards (cassette)	GODSOE (VAN)
GREG NIXON	Flexible Packaging Plant (cassette)	UNDERGROWTH (VAN)
VARIOUS	Various (Various)	VARIOUS (VARIOUS)

*If you wish to submit tapes to be used as part of a series of scheduled and spontaneous live mixes, contact Mark Mushet at 669-0398. All submissions will be given due credit. Voice and sound beds of an abstract nature will be much appreciated, though tapes of found sound and indiscreet conversation will be needed as well. Thank you.

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WITH GUESTS

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TAPE RELEASE
PARTY

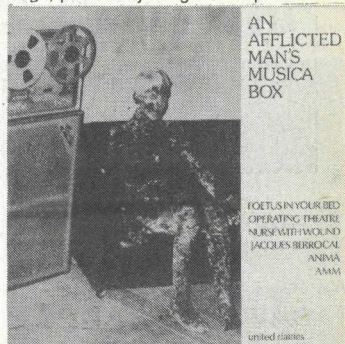
WELFARE DAY
AETONATORS
NG3
BAD ATTITUDE



CALL AT JOHN BARLEYS
23 W. CORDOYA
OCTOBER



Over the years, Fela has had home-burnings, beatings, and other unpleasanties in return for saying things that the Nigerian government, it seems, would rather have unsaid. The next track is Masekela's aptly angry "Politician." "Tonight" is slightly embarrassing, either because of an absence of pretense, or because it's completely contrived. The side is rounded off by an instrumental, "The Joke of Life", which is all right in itself, but rather uncomfortably reminds me of Chuck Mangione. It's cuts like these two that sound suspicious in their slickness, Masekela seeming a bit too eager to please. The album was recorded in Botswana, but most of the instruments are Western, albeit well-played. All in all, a fairly satisfying affair, not for everyone, but probably intended to be. It's worth checking out, though, particularly in light of its price.



More expensive, and perhaps expensive, is *An Afflicted Man's Musica Box*. This compilation consists of Foetus In Your Bed, Nurse With Wound, Operating Theatre, Jacques Berrocal, Anima, and Amm. The names of the artists are indicative of the disc's contents although, surprisingly, the tamer tracks are provided by those with nastier names. The first track is Berrocal's. I was well into the song before I realized that I was still waiting for it to start. Instead, it built, mercilessly, harmonically, in tension, the percussion finally splashing and smashing non-metrically until the halt. Next up was Anima, whose songs are titled simply with the instruments used in them. "Violin Fuchshorn" started with some very annoying violin, coupled with a couple of coughs. A trumpet, or, I guess, fuchshorn, joined in, providing a maniacal counterpoint. The Foetus in Your Bed material is highlighted by some out-of-time percussion which can make you lose your balance. The other side starts with AMM's "Commonwealth institute 20-4-67" which is a real seat-shifter. Basically, it sits there and makes you uncomfortable. Eventually, you feel a forceful urge to take the record off; it's kind of like holding your breath.

Probably the most predictable thing about this album is the speed it spins at. It's a record to put on when you want to be alone, because everyone else will probably leave the room. "While Waiting For The Rain" tends to draw the listener groove. *An Afflicted Man's Musica Box* is a toe- and face-clenching experience. Still, I found it enjoyable, worthwhile, and challenging listening. Others will find its atonal adventurousness vile and pointless. It's a relief to know, though, that these artists are able to vent their anxieties in a non-violent manner; although, I wonder if the person pictured on the cover listens to this music because he's afflicted, or if it's the other way around. I'm gonna find out, I guess.

—Don Chow

OCTOBER 1, 2 & 3, 1985

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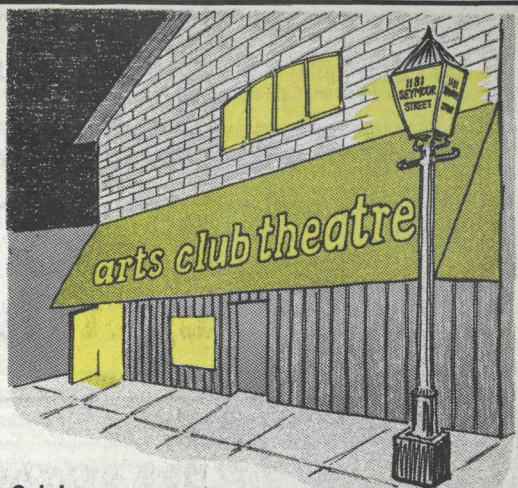
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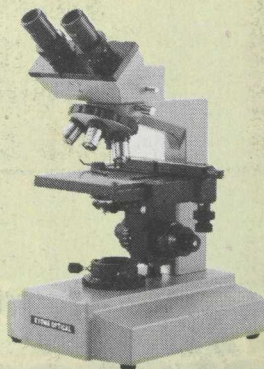
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THIS MONTH, DEMO DERBY GOES international with two, non-public releases from the U.K. Don't ask me how we got a hold of them; I just wrote this stuff. Also, there are a number of demos from local bands who have yet to play live. This in itself is an exciting phenomenon because the experience that these groups gain in the studio should make any future recordings all the more enjoyable. Eventually, though, they will have to prove themselves in a more public arena. But enough yammering! On to the reviews...

THE ROOM "A Shirt Of Fire"

Some demo. This sounds like it was recorded in a 48-track digital studio in L.A. (compared to the other demos), and has college radio hit written all over it. The Room, an English group, records on Red Flame/10 Records, and this is an obvious attempt by them to achieve some financial success (not with the demo, but the inevitable single). The song is a clean, full-sounding pop tune with enough high-end guitar solos (a la psychedelia) to keep commercial radio programmers at a safe distance. The Room is following the same path as Echo, The Cure and Siouxsie; not so much in the sound, but rather in the feeling surrounding this song. These three bands share very little musically with The Room, but their road to mass acceptance began, like The Room, with critical acclaim and relative musical inaccessibility. There is one band that this song compares with favorably, and some CITR listeners might remember them, another English group named Jasmine Minks, who have one mini-LP to their credit. If the Minks follow The Room, they just may end up with a bit of money.



THE CHAMELEONS "Nathan's Phrase"

This English band would probably be quite upset if they knew that we were playing this. The Chameleons have established themselves as quality recording artists and a rough, tinny mix like Nathan's Phrase does nothing for their reputation, except to show what they might have sounded like in the garage four or five years ago, or at a pub gig without a soundcheck. Bands like The Chameleons need the wizardry of good production facilities to bring out their best, especially since their sound has progressed from scratchy, strident guitar-based pop to a smoother, more accessible version of the same. This song carries elements of both styles, with a repetitive guitar line that forms a base for a rawer (but equally as repetitive) riff in a lower key. It's not

very catchy, but I'm sure that production comparable to previous Chameleons efforts could make this a viable, listenable tune.

EXCITED FIRST DAUGHTER "Man Cuts Off His Head With Chainsaw And Lives" and "Excited First Daughter"

Finally, a local band. This studio outfit is headed, or is it beheaded?, by CITR's own Paul Funk. Now, Paul's a pretty pushy kind of guy, a trait evidenced by the place offered his guitar on these two instrumentals. You guessed it; front and centre. This would be another example of the unfettered ego were it not for the quality of our man Funk's picking. I could make a lot of statements about the bombastic nature of this

Rock
Rock, Rock...

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music, but telling you the category it fits in says it all—it's prog-rock. Ecch. Visions of long-haired guys perched on stools wanking interminably on some space-age riff. I don't generally enjoy this stuff, it seems to me to be music created for musicians only, but these two tracks, especially the title song, have a vitality that is rare in this genre. The tempo changes, where the guitar is usually left on it's own for a few bars, remind me of King Crimson from Discipline or Beat. Funk is no Frapp, but he's certainly competent enough to pull these two off. There are errors, but they only serve to add an air of humanity to what can be an almost mechanical style.

HOUSE OF COMMONS "Here Today"

Here's one that won't be vacillating in their musical orientation. Andrew Challinor has reorganized one of Vancouver's top names in the hardcore scene, and has come up with a demo that incorporates some flashes of metal without losing touch with its hardcore roots. This one rumbles along like a bull in a china shop, there is no really clear sense of purpose, but a re-produced, re-mixed version would probably gain the cohesiveness that makes a good hardcore song a great one. H.O.C. will continue to improve, and this song will probably only represent a transition period for the band.

THE HIP TYPE "Illuminated" and "Blue-Bottle Flies"

The first time I heard these, I could find no easy comparisons or influences for The Hip Type. Then I thought real hard and managed to come up with the New York-based band 10,000 Maniacs, albeit before their singer took voice lessons. These two songs are infectious little ditties that exude musical and lyrical maturity but have one big drawback, a poor vocal track. It's a shame that the most prominent part of the song is so inconsistent. The singer's voice has an endearing, homey quality, but she hits too many flat notes to create any real atmosphere. 60's influences are evident and the form of the songs is quite basic, but overall, the music has a genuine rich feel to it that is complemented by some inventive lyrics. Some improvement in the vocals and The Hip Type will start to prove themselves in the local scene.

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF DAVE "Sad, Sad World"

Another song that suffers from a lacklustre vocal performance. This Toronto band, like The Hip Type, has put together an infectious 60's-influenced top-tapper without a lot of frills. Vocally, the track is slightly stronger than either of The Hip Type's, but it's much less lyrically provocative or original. Sad, Sad World moves along at a good clip, with some timely tamborine flourishes and clean harmonies, and follows the lead of bands like The Fleshtones, The Plimsouls and, to some extent, The Smiths. The song is a renovation of old ideas rather than a rehashing of them, but the vocals don't mesh with the music as well as any of the bands mentioned above. The geographic location of this band will probably help them record more songs, more than any similar group from Vancouver could. That could be a boon for CITR listeners if, and only if, the People's Republic of Dave finds a better singer.

—Jason Grant

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SHINDIG!

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Round One Semi-Finals

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Winners of the
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No Contest Night!

Monday, Oct. 14th

BILL OF RIGHTS
THE SPORES

Round Two Prelims

Monday, Oct. 21st

TROUBLE BOYS
LINE DRIVER
SOREHEADS

Monday, Oct. 28th

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ARMCHAIR EYE

OKAY, OKAY, SO THIS MONTH I succumb to editorial pressure and concern myself specifically with "music" videos (notice I didn't say "rock"). Disorder is, after all, a music rag. The problem is, when you start talking music videos, you may as well say wasteland: deep, dark, smelly and pretty much empty. Almost by definition it's a purely promotional medium. Nine videos in 10 exist purely as a means to sell product. To review them would be to review commercials, and if that isn't a dead end, I don't know what is. Suffice to say, if you drool at the thought of two hours of **Dop-Itan Dooran**, you're going to drool over **Blue Silver** and nothing I might say is going to change that.

There is, however, that other remaining one video in 10 that might actually hold value for the non-fan, non-groupie (shall we say connoisseur?), who yes, likes music, and yes, is intrigued by the limitless visual possibilities that good music suggests to his/her imagination.

Sympathy for the Devil. Director Jean Luc Godard has never cared much about being conventional, predictable or even entertaining. It follows then that this documentary, which takes as its centerpiece the Rolling Stones recording session that eventually produced the song "Sympathy for the Devil," is anything but normal. Studio footage of the band is intercut with black American revolutionaries hanging around in a

dumpyard near an airport, murdering white women and interrupting each other as they read from prepared texts and otherwise wax rhetorical on such pertinent late sixties' issues as the necessity of violent revolution and the compatibility of Marxist theory and Black Power. There's lot of other stuff, too, equally disjointed and arguably pointless. Is *Sympathy for the Devil* an essential insight into one of the all-time great rock 'n' roll bands at one of the angriest and most fruitful points of its career? Not really. Is it confusing? Definitely. Boring? Yes. A waste of time? Definitely not. I'd take it over two hours of *MuchMusic* any day. Recommended for those who want something interesting on in the background while they discuss the politics of relativity with their buddies.

Allegro Non Troppo has nothing to do with rock or pop music. Rather, it's a low budget Italian *Fantasia* (*Fantasia* being Adolph Disney's elaborate but ultimately gutless animated interpretation of certain classical music favorites). *Allegro* comes off as funnier, sadder, weirder and ultimately more imaginative in every way. A notable highlight is Ravel's *Bolero* in which everybody's favorite cosmic march backs an interpretation of everybody's favorite controversial tale. *Evolution*, in this version, everything starts in the primordial ooze of a discarded coke bottle, and spreads out from there. This is what anima-

tion should be. Freed from the limitations of flesh and blood reality, the imagination takes off with wild and wonderful abandon. Even your parents will like this one.

But they won't like *Cabaret Voltaire's Double Vision*. Neither, for that matter, will most normal people you know. Musically, this is *Cabaret Voltaire* before they turned stupid. The electronics are raw and nasty, chock-full of sinister voices and maximum distortion (read: low budget but fun). Visually, it's pretty much the same idea. Imagine every experimental film or video trick you've seen in the last 10 years (static effects, looping, quick cutting, natives dancing to a rock beat, extensive repetition, static effects, looping, quick cutting, natives dancing, etc.), and it goes on and on for well over an hour and you just sit there at four AM and melt into your chair, and you eventually go insane, run next door with an axe and murder the Goodhouses but you get off with a suspended sentence because your dad's lawyer successfully argues that you were temporarily possessed by certain malevolent subliminal messages hidden in the video (fortunately I fell asleep before any of this actually happened—I think). Recommended for the brave and the devastatingly bored. Almost as good for late night viewing as *The Waltons* with a frapped vertical hold.

—Bill Mullan



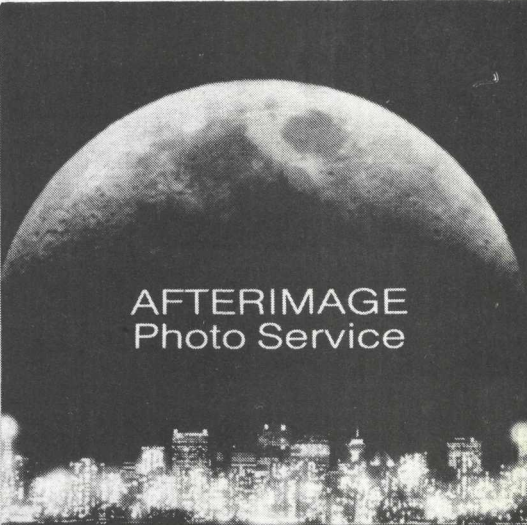
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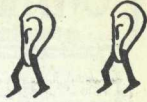
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The Roving Ear



This Month from Hawaii...

AS I WAITED IMPATIENTLY IN THE LUGGAGE lineup at the airport I could hear Vancouver International's version of music for airports—Bryan Adams—between the usual, barely decipherable announcements. I sighed and began to dream of the tropics.

But it was not to be all beaches and sunshine. The plane arrived in the middle of the night and customs was tedious. As I stepped out into the lobby I could feel the warm breeze, and I could hear—Bryan Adams. I fled the terminal and laid my sleeping bag out on a concrete bench outside.

Jet lag allowed me a fitful sleep until I suddenly awoke to the sound of much swearing and banging. It was a bag lady making her way through the airport garbage cans. Every now and then she would yell and swear and then beat the nearest can with a stick. It took several nervous minutes before I realized that the object of her disaffection was Barbara Streisand. The bag lady's ranting and thrashing was directed entirely at some tiresome Hollywood type. I wondered if the bag lady was a victim of too much muzak. But then, in my state of aural confusion, it all made some kind of sense.

Morning came and me and my bicycle flew to Maui. I soon made my way to the percussion of surf and sand at the beach. I found a campsite on the sunny side and settled down to watch the incredible starscape just a few feet from the crashing water.

The next day featured a torrential rainstorm, so I sought shelter in a whaling town turned tourist trap, Lahaina. I stashed my bike at the bike store, courtesy of manager Mel. As the skies began to clear late in the day, Mel drove me to the other side of the island to find a cheap hotel. On the way we flipped through the dial on the radio and Mel told me about popular Hawaiian music.

Sixties music dominates to the point where, in comparison, CFUN would seem like a progressive music station. Light rock, lotsa schlock. There were a couple of stations featuring Hawaiian music, but that was about it. A kind of slack-key version of reggae is very bland and extremely popular. I preferred the strange harmonies and falsetto vocals in the more traditional folk ballads.

My bicycle had no radio so I sought my soundscape wherever I could find it. The sound of the "Big O" threw out a lot of decibels and had a catchy if somewhat irregular beat. One night, camped 7000 feet up Haleakala crater, I was treated to a wall of sound as storm winds roared and whistled at speeds up to 160 kmh.

But experiences like this aside, Maui was too crowded for my tastes. I rode south to Hana as big waves crashed at the bottom of steep cliffs. There was a shoebox airport just outside this remote town, and mercifully there was no muzak.

I took off for the big island of Hawaii on an eight-seater Beachcraft, my bicycle stuffed behind the back seat. It was a short hop to Hawaii and I was in awe as we approached the airport there. Lava flows dominated the landscape, huge

fields of black and grey. It all seemed much too raw for my concept of the tropics.

I spent a day in tourist haven Kona-Kailua before beginning my trek around the island. Muzak everywhere, but here one modern rocker was included with the Beatles and Simon & Garfunkel, namely Bryan Adams.

I escaped to the wilderness again. I spent a few days with a Haole community on a remote beach. The sea was high and the hardcore pounding of ocean on lava almost unbearably. More than one conversation was interrupted as all eyes and ears tuned in to a particularly powerful wave.



I continued around the island, sometimes camping in places where there was no one for miles and other times at regular type campgrounds. There were plenty of people and plenty of ghetto blasters. I talked and partied with several young Hawaiians. They were highly suspicious of punks and punk music. Only a few who had done military service on the mainland seemed to have any idea that musically the eighties had arrived. Those few could boast of seeing the Clash and other big-name alternative bands stateside, but most of their friends just didn't care.

Finally I needed a break from the incessant surf so I headed for the volcano. To my delight I found that I could take my bike right into the Kilauea caldera. It was here, with steam vents and new lava all around me, that I rediscovered that rarest music of all, deep silence. I spent hours marvelling at the beautiful emptiness.

I was soon to fall prey to a different kind of sensory overload. On one ride in Volcano National

Park I made my way through the Kai desert, a couple of craters, a lava tube and rainforest before returning to camp. Happy but unsettled I returned to the ocean.

I stayed a night on a homesite in an ancient village called Kamomoa. The cliffs were riddled with sea arches and there was a kind of fizz of backwash mixed in with the rhythm of the waves.

My route around Hawaii took me next through the island's population center, Hilo. Here the roar of the surf was drowned out by military cargo planes practicing take-off and landing at Hilo Naval Airport.

I hurried to the lush Waipio Valley. This narrow, deep valley was bordered by steep, 1200 foot cliffs on either side with a beach fronting the ocean. The road down to the valley had grades of 18% to 28% so not many people managed to get in. There is a small community of Hawaiians living there. They grow Taro and otherwise try to revive a more traditional lifestyle.

At an impromptu party on the beach, I met Eric and John, a couple of valley residents. The party featured fresh water prawns, steak, beer and other delicacies as well as some beautiful music. The Hawaiians love to have a guitar in their hands and they love to write songs. Simple songs about the land, the ocean and their incredible family loyalties. Songs that rang true off the verdant hills, rising above the inherent clash of cultures.

The party ended with the threat of an incoming storm and I found myself spending that night and the next couple of days with John and Eric at their house deep in the valley.

They are Taro farmers and spend some of their plentiful leisure time making things out of coconuts and palm trees. They made toys and games and one morning, before breakfast, Eric wove a huge basket from a single frond for a friend.

We lived off the land, catching and picking our food from the rivers and riverbanks, and all was washed down with copious amounts of Budweiser.

Music was a part of all activity, a guitar was always close at hand. Lyrics were created to fit every situation. At night as I fell asleep I could hear the sound of two guitars playing soft and sweet as 1200 foot waterfalls thundered outside. Waipio Valley was a hard place to leave.

Before I left Hawaii I had one more chance musical interlude. I was sleeping under the stars at a popular campsite on the north Kona coast. A couple of Hawaiian families were camped nearby. One of them was probably a professional hotel entertainer. He sang and played long into the night, mixing country and western with traditional Hawaiian songs. He had a smooth, caressing voice and would break effortlessly into falsetto, all the while the surf pounded in the background.

My time was up. As I passed through Kona Airport on my way to Honolulu the canned music again cut like a knife. As did the grey skies and rain upon my return to Vancouver.

—Kawika



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